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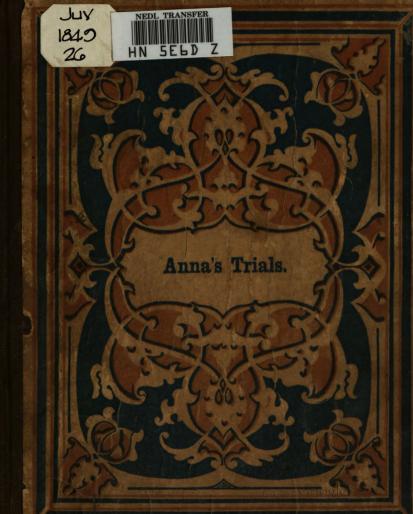
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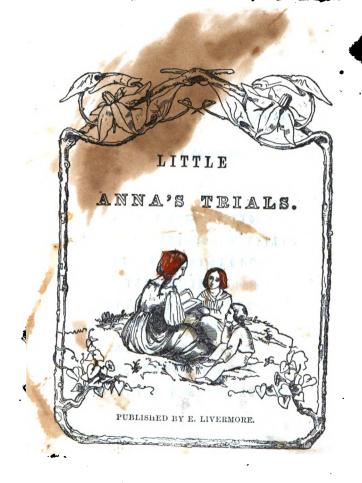
FOR

GHILDHOOD.

EDITED BY

MRS. COLMAN.





STORIES FOR CHILDHOOD.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

ORPHAN BOY'S TRIALS.

LITTLE DOG TRUSTY, &c. &c.

CHARLES AND EMILY.

FAITHFUL WALTER.

TRUE BENEVOLENCE.

THE CARRIER PIGEON.

ANNA'S TRIALS.

JOHN'S ADVENTURES.

WENDELINE AND HER LADY-BUG.

LITTLE ANNA'S TRIALS.

BY

MISS A. A. GRAY.



WORCESTER:
PUBLISHED BY EDWARD LIVERMORE.
CINCINNATI: J. A. & U. P. JAMES.
1849.

JUV 1849, 26

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LITTLE ANNA'S TRIALS.

CHAPTER L

ITTLE ANNA had a tame squirrel; and one day she was alone in the dining-room, where his cage was kept, amusing herself

with the pretty creature. He was very tame, so tame that she sometimes let him out to run around the room, and could put him into her work-bag, and her brother Charles would sometimes carry him about in his pocket. But, though he was so tame and gentle, Anna had been forbidden by her mother to let him out of his cage at any time when she was alone in the room with him, without some older person to watch him, lest he should jump into the fire, or do some damage by nibbling.

"Do not you wish I were a fairy, Chippernip," said little Anna to her squirrel, "and could change your cage into a great wood, full of nut-trees? Do not you long, with all your merry little heart, to be cracking your nuts up in the branches of a shagbark-tree, with a little mate, all amongst the pretty birds and the yellow leaves? It would be a great golden hall for you, would it not? Poor Chippie! I do think it is a shame to keep you cooped up here. What should I think if I were shut up in a room not half so long as one of my own leaps? You want to come out as much as I want to have you, do you not, Chippernip?"

"Yes, indeed, I do," said Chippernip,—not with his tongue, but with his teeth and both of his fore paws, for with these he caught hold of the bars of his cage, trying very hard to get through. Anna wanted very much to let the squirrel out, both for his own comfort and for the sake of being amused herself with his pretty tricks; but "No, Chippie," she said, "you must not come out, for mother says you must not. You would not have me disobey mother, would you?" "Yes, I would; let me out!" cried the squirrel again, with teeth and paws. "How I should



like," thought Anna, "to have the dear little thing sitting on my shoulder while I am at work on my doll's clothes. I am sure he would do no harm. Will you promise, Chippernip, that you will not go near the fire, if I will let you out? Ah! you can make promises. But I have made a promise too, so I cannot let you out. Mother is getting the baby to sleep, though, and there is no one else likely to come in here this afternoon; so if I did, she would never know it. Will you promise, Chip, not to gnaw any of the plants, and not to do any damage to the furniture nor any thing? Yes, you look as if you wanted to promise. I am certain mother would not be unwilling you should be out, if she knew how careful I would be." "Indeed, she would not," said the teeth and paws again. And did not some wicked little imp whisper the same in Anna's ear? Something impelled her to look at the clock, and then tell the squirrel he should run for just five minutes, and then to open the cage door. Out leaped Chippernip; first upon Anna's shoulder he sprang; and then, running down her back, went scampering about under the chairs. Anna took her baby things, and sat down close by the fire, that she might be in readiness to prevent the squirrel from jumping into it, if he should attempt to do so. "Come, Chippie," said she, holding out a chestnut to invite him, "sit on my shoulder, and drop your nut-shells into my lap." The quirrel came, and, leaping on her shoulder, where she had laid the nut to entice him, seated himself there, with his long bushy tail set up against his back, and went to shelling his chestnut, while Anna went on with her work. The little girl was very much entertained for a while with the pretty motions of the squirrel, as he nibbled upon the nut, every now and then letting a piece of the shell fall into her lap; but she very soon got so much engaged in trying to settle a very important question with regard to her doll's bonnet, -namely, whether she should trim it with a pink, or blue, or yellow ribbon, — that she entirely forgot the existence of little Chippernip, who had now leaped down, and gone to amuse himself elsewhere; and, what was as bad, she had forgotten every one of the five minutes, and never noticed them as they passed by her, followed, too, by fifteen more. But the sober, plodding old clock had not forgotten his duty, and when, at last, little Anna looked up at him, his stiff fingers pointed

out to her that it was now just twenty minutes since the squirrel had been let out, thus showing her her carelessness with silent reproof. She looked around for the squirrel, fearing he might have got into the fire. It was some time before she found him, and, when she did, alas! she found him in in the shef. He was busily engaged in gnawing the leaves of a book which she had left open upon a chair. She hastily put him into his cage again, and went to examine the plants, to see if he had been gnawing any of them. She found no marks of him any where about them, nor upon any thing else in the room. O, my poor book!" said she to herself; "and, what is still worse than having my book injured, mother will now find out that I have disobeyed her; and she has told me so many times, too, that she should be very, very much displeased, if I ever let the squirrel out without her leave. O! I wish he had eaten the book all up, then no one need know any thing about it; but now, if mother, or Charlie, or sister Harriet, should come in, they would ask me how it came to be all gnawed so, and I should have to tell."

Poor little girl! her disobedience there really

seems to be no excuse for, and so who can help pitying her? Her carelessness in letting the ninutes pass by unnoticed was certainly not inconstrable; but, upon the whole, it was in some degree excusable, because of little heart was so absorbed in the pink, because yellow colors,—so bound up by the ribbons;—she was trying so hard to imagine which of those three colors would look best with a dove-colored satin.

The injury done to the book was nothing to her in comparison with her mother's probable discovery of her disobedience, though it was a book she had not read through. It was a little book of natural history, and she had been much interested in hearing her elder sister, Harriet, or her mother, read aloud in it. She stood near the fire-place, with the book in her hand, and thought how glad she would be, if it were not wicked, to put it into the fire; for then, if any one asked if she had seen it, she could carelessly answer, "O yes, I saw it on one of the chairs in this very room to-day. What could have become of it?" Then they would certainly think Joseph, the boy who came into the room to lay table, must have stolen it; for Joseph was a new boy, who had but just come

to live with her mother, and no one in the house knew, yet, whether he was honest or not. 'But no," see God's love within her, "I will not throw blame on an innocent person, that I may hide my own." Then Anna began to consideranteether it were not as well to tear out the leaves and been gnawed; but this would do no good, for one of the covers was also a little gnawed, and, besides, if she were asked how the leaves came to have been torn out, she should have nothing satisfactory to answers and again she felt tempted to throw it into the fire, which was blazing up finely, and she knew would burn it all to ashes in a moment. "It is my own book," said she: "have I not a right to do what I choose with my own things?" "No! no!" said a very small voice, (so small that I fear little Anna did not it think worth obeying,) "you have no right to waste or to abuse a thing in any way, merely because it belongs to you." "If I should burn it," thought Anna, "I will not say a word to make any one suspect Joseph. O! if it were only burnt up, then I should never be suspected." At that moment she heard approaching footsteps in the entry. "It is my own book, and nobody's else!" said Anna. She heard



her mother's voice just outside the door. She held the book under her apron. But the next moment, hardly knowing what she did, Anna, in her fright, drew the book from under her apron and threw it into the flames. A draught of air, probably from the door, which was opened by her mother, blew her apron so near to the flame that it instantly took fire, and, being made of thin, fine gingham, blazed up so that, by the time her mother had reached her, her dress also had caught, and, notwithstanding all her mother's efforts to extinguish the fire, it blazed all around the poor child's head, till her hair also took fire. Anna was now so nearly enveloped in the flames, that her mother, finding it impossible to extinguish them with her hands alone, cried loudly for help; at the same time drawing a woollen cloth from the table, and wrapping it around her blazing clothes and hair. Thus at length, with the help of Joseph, who had hastened in on hearing the cries, the child was saved from being burnt to death on the spot; but her hands and arms, and also her neck and face were so very much burnt, that she shrieked with pain. She was immediately carried up stairs and laid upon the bed. All remedies to prevent a fever from

'setting in were tried in vain. She was in a high fever before the next day, and suffered so much from bodily pain, that she could not think about her disobedient act and the other wrong doings to which that had led her, nor of their probable consequences. She was in such constant and severe pain, that she could not think about any thing. A physician was called, and he told her mother that her recovery was doubtful.

2



CHAPTER II.

her fever heightened, Anna became delirious; and her broken sentences about the book and the squirrel showed what her feverish thoughts were running upon. "It was my book," she would say, "and the

squirrel ate it—no, Joseph ate it." "What, my dear?" her mother would ask. "The book—Joseph gnawed it; yes, I let Joseph out of the cage, and he gnawed the squirrel, I believe. Was not that it? He was sitting on my—on the fire. O! I am wicked! Did the picture get burnt?" "What picture?" asked her mother. "The picture, in my book, of the dormouse with his fore paws on a perch—fore paws—four, five, six. Butterflies have six paws—legs;—and four—four tails, is it not? no, wings. Did the butterfly get burnt? Joseph did not steal it, mother." One day, about a week after the accident, the delirium having left her for

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the time, Anna asked her mother if she thought she should ever get well, or whether she should be likely to die.

- "I do not know yet, my child," said her mother.
- "Does not the doctor know?"
- "Not yet."
- "How soon will he know?"
- "He thinks he can tell to-morrow."
- "Perhaps, then," thought Anna, within herself, "I have only a few days longer to stay in this world. Perhaps only one or two days." And then she began to think about a confession she had to make to her

mother; and, as she was suffering less pain just then than usual, she thought a good deal about it, but she had not resolution to confess, though she wished with all her heart that her sin was known to her mother, for her poor little heart was weighed down with the recollection of it. She had never been so wicked before, as on that unhappy day; and she wondered now how she could have acted so wickedly.

- "Mother," said she, "I am afraid I am wicked."
- "O no, my dear; are you not my good little Anna, who always loves to do kind things for her mother and for every one?"
- "Mother, I am worse than you think I am. I feel afraid that, if I die, the Lord will not think me fit to live with the angels."
- "The angels will teach you how to be good enough to live in heaven with them. Do not fear, my dear child. Why should we fear any thing when we know that the Lord rules? He knows when is the right moment for you to go, and he will take you at that moment."
- "You would be sorry if I should die in a few days, would you not, mother?"
 - "It would be hard to part with you, dear; but as I_{k}

do not pretend to know when it is best you should die, and as I am certain that the Lord does know, I shall quietly submit to his will. I should love well to have the care of you longer; but still I know it is selfish for me to wish it, as I am certain that the angels and good spirits, in whose hands you will be placed when you die, will love you more purely, and take much better care of you, than I could. They will make your soul grow so fast that it will be ready for heaven very soon, I doubt not."

Anna made no reply, but she thought to herself, "O, how I wish mother only knew how bad I have been!"

Just then, Joseph came to the chamber door with a basket of oranges. "Ah!" cried Anna, "you have come at last. I thought you were never coming."

"What made you stay so long, Joseph?" asked Anna's mother.

"I could not find any oranges here in the village," said Joseph; "so I went into the city to get them."

"Did you walk in through all the snow?"

"Yes, ma'am; it is not so very far."

"It is three miles to the city. You have walked six miles, then, in the snow."

"Are you not very tired, Joseph?" asked Anna.

"No; that is, not so very."

Anna thanked Joseph for taking so much pains to get the oranges, and, as he left the chamber, she said, inly, "I will take care that they shall not think Joseph stole it." Her mother cut one of the oranges for her, and, after she had eaten it, she fell into a gentle sleep.

In a few days the fever came to a crisis, and the child then began to recover, though she was yet very ill, and suffered a great deal. As her bodily pains lessened, her mental suffering increased, and she thought more and more of the wrong she had done. Often, as she lay in the bed awake, and watched her mother stepping gently about the chamber in kind attendance upon her,—and when she recollected, too, how much time her mother and her sister Harriet had spent by her bedside, and that they had sat up several whole nights to watch her,—the tears would come into her eyes, because she, by her one act of disobedience, had caused so much care and trouble.

One day, when she was well enough to sit by the fire in an easy chair, her sister Harriet, a girl of about fourteen, who was sitting with her, asked if she

would like to hear some reading. Anna said that she would. "Well," said Harriet, "I will read to you in your book about birds and beasts, if you can tell me where it is. I have looked for it, to read to Charlie in, but I cannot find it anywhere." Poor little Anna! If it had been her mother who had said this, and no one else had been present, I really believe the poor child would have disburdened her heart, by telling the whole of the sad story; but as it was, she only said, "I do not care to hear you read in that now, sister; I should like to hear some story book."



CHAPTER III.

ARRIET went down stairs, and soon returned with several books in her hand. "There," said she, "I think I shall find something that you will

like to hear, in some one of these. Is it not strange, though, what could have become of your little book about animals? I have looked in every place that I can think of, and I do not believe we shall ever see it again. It must have been stolen, I think."

"O no, Harriet. There is no one who could have stolen it. Come, read me one of those stories."

"I will tell you what I will do if you would like to have me. I have read the whole of that book to myself, and I will tell it to you."

"O yes, do; that will be pleasanter than hearing you read it."

"Wait, though, till Charlie comes up, because he will want to hear about the animals too. Mother is hearing him say his lesson now, and then he will



"They are building up a great Image."

come up. Now, which will you do till then, — hear me read in one of these books, or look out and see Joseph and two other boys making their great stone man? They are building up a great image of a man with stones, and then are going to cover the stones over with mud and clay."

Anna said she should like best to see the boys making their image, so Harriet rolled her easy chair up to the window.

"Do you see the man?" asked Harriet. "It is some distance off."

"Yes, and there is Joseph standing beside it, and here are the other two boys lifting a large stone. How pleasant it seems out of doors. The snow is all gone now, and I hear the birds singing, and the grass looks quite green around the house, does it not?"

"Yes, it is the second week in April now. Pretty soon the anemonies and violets will be peeping up, and I will get some for you."

"O!" said Anna, "how I do long to run out on the grass, or even to have the window open. It seems to me the air would feel so good."

"It will be a good many weeks yet, dear, before you will be able to leave your chamber, I am afraid;

so you must try to be as patient as you can. This sickness will be a good thing to teach you patience, will it not? We ought to profit by every thing that happens to us as much as we can, you know, and you can profit a great deal now by learning to be patient and submissive under trial."

"Do you think me very impatient, Harriet?"

"O no, indeed. I only mean that we all need to learn to bear patiently any thing that is hard to us."

"Which do you think is the worse sin, Harriet,—to be disobedient, or wasteful, or impatient?"

"I do not know. Perhaps disobedience is as bad as any thing. But why do you wish to know?"

"O, for nothing in particular. But, Harriet, I am going to see how obedient I can be, when I get well. I am obedient now, while I am ill, am I not?"

"O yes, quite so."

"Because, you know, it is easier to be so now than when I am well, for then I want to be doing all sorts of things which I ought not to do."

"You are usually a good little girl, Anna, and tolerably obedient. However, it is no matter how much better you grow."

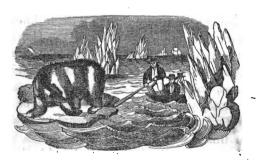
Anna felt grieved and conscience-stricken to hear

herself called good, and she felt half ready to tell her sad story to her sister; but, before she could get wholly ready, she heard little Charlie coming up the stairs.

"Come, Charlie," said Harriet, as the little boy came in, "come and sit in my lap, and I will tell all I can remember about the animals I read of in Anna's book. Let me think," said Harriet; "how far had I read to you?"

"You were going to begin, next, about the polar bear," said Anna.

"Well, you know, of course, where the polar



bear lives; in the polar regions, where it is so cold and icy. There the great white creature stalks about over the ice of the polar seas, and goes leaping from one great iceberg to another. You know what an iceberg is, do you not, Anna?"

- "Yes; an enormous pile or mountain of ice, that floats about in the water."
- "Well, the polar bear is a large creature. He is about six or seven feet long, all white, with close, shining hair; and, as he moves about on the snow and ice, and stands mounted on a high iceberg, he looks as if he were the great and powerful monarch of that domain of snow and ice. The icebergs look like his splendid palaces; but he cannot go into his palaces, but only walk about on the outside of them."
- "I should think the bears would slip down in climbing about on the ice," said Anna.
- "No, they do not," said Harriet, "because, you must know, they have excellent moccasons; that is, they have thick hair all over the soles of their feet, so that they do not slip."
- "That is, because the Lord knew they would want something to prevent them from slipping, is it not?" said little Charlie.
- "Yes," said Harriet; "so He makes the hair grow all over the soles of their feet."
 - "Did the book say what they find to eat, in the

winter, when there is nothing but ice and snow all around?" asked Anna.

"They stay near the seashore, and get seals to eat, and sometimes find dead fish and other dead creatures; and, when the water is not frozen, they dive, themselves, to catch salmon. But they are very hungry in winter. In the summer, they go into the woods and feed upon what wild fruits and berries they can find."

"Do they live in dens?" asked Anna.

"In the winter, they stay a part of the time in dens under the rocks and ice. In December, the female goes into one of the cold dens, and there the little young ones are born; and there she keeps them and nurses them till March, when she comes out, followed by her little ones, which are then about as large as a middle-sized dog. She is very ferocious then, for she is half famished, as there is not much food to be found at that season, and a part of what she finds she must give to her young ones."

"O, the terrible creature!" said Anna: "I should not like to meet such a lady walking out with her children, if she were all handsomely dressed in shining white."

"But she is most gentle and kind to her young. She is a very devoted mother. She takes the very best care of her little ones, feeding them when she is so hungry that she would be glad enough to eat the food herself that she gives them."

"Does the polar bear run fast?" inquired Charles.

"He runs faster than you would think he could do; so the book says. He has a shuffling, ungraceful gait; but he can go as fast as a horse does at a brisk gallop."

"There is another kind of bear, is there not?" asked Charles; "and he is all black."

"There are several kinds of bears," replied Harriet, "and most of them are black; but one kind is called the American black bear. He is very large, but harmless except when very hungry, or when attacked, or when with young. Then there is the brown bear, and the grizzly, or gray-colored bear, and the Malay bear, and the Siberian bear, and the Bornean bear, and the sloth bear. The sloth bear is a queer-looking one, with very short legs and a very long body. Bears are wry, awkward-looking creatures; but rather funny than disagreeable. Some kinds have an honest face, something like some dogs. Ah!

I remember now what I read about next—the Esquimaux dogs. You have heard, Anna, about the dogs that the Esquimaux use, to draw sledges and carry burdens. These dogs look very much like the wolf, and they are very brave, though gentle. They have a great antipathy to the wolf, but will never attack him of their own accord. Yet, if the wolves attack them, they will fight and defend themselves bravely."

"How large a dog is it?" asked Anna.

"Not very large; not quite two feet high. It must be about the size of a wolf, I suppose; for, when seen at some distance, they would hardly be known from wolves. Their tails are more bushy than that of the wolf, and they carry them curled up gracefully over their backs, instead of letting them drag between their legs, as the wolves do."

"How I should like," said Anna, "to be drawn along in a pretty little sledge by half a dozen of those dogs, all with their bushy tails, that look so much like the plume in a soldier's cap, curled up over their backs. How fast do they go?"

"Six or seven of them, with a weight of about six hundred pounds, will, when the travelling is good,



go at the rate of ten miles an hour, which is faster than most horses can trot; but the dogs, when they go so fast, go upon the gallop. Six or seven of them will draw a sledge with six persons in it, or a oad of eight or ten hundred weight, as much as forty or fifty miles in a day. One alone will carry a burden of thirty pounds weight. They will scent the eindeer at the distance of a quarter of a mile, and then they gallop off with great speed in the direction of the scent — so that, in a few moments, the deer is within reach of their master's arrow."

"What color are they?" inquired Charles.

"Usually white; but sometimes black and white, and sometimes black."

- "Which kind of dog should you like best to have?" asked Charles.
- "O, the Newfoundland. Him I should place at the head of the canine family. He is the prince of dogs. He is one of the most honest, trusty, and tractable, besides being very large and strong, and very fine-cooking. One alone can draw a sleigh with a man in it. The shepherd's dog is one of the pleasantest kinds of dog. He is a good-looking dog, with very long shaggy hair, and is very faithful."

"I like the spaniel," said Anna.

- "Yes. The spaniel is one of the most graceful in nis motions; perhaps the most so of any kind; and he is a very pretty dog, and very gentle, but not very brave. The greyhound is one of the handsomest and most graceful dogs; but not so sagacious as many others, I believe. I think, however, that the spaniel is decidedly the most beautiful to look at."
- "Well, now, what else did you read about?" asked Charles.
- "I read about one or two birds. But I will tell you about those another time; for I think Anna must be tired, and had better lie down now, and sleep a little."

"Tell us some more to-morrow, will you?" said Charles.

"Perhaps so. Now, Charlie, you had better go down stairs, and let the chamber be quiet, that Anna may sleep."

Charles went down, and Harriet helped Anna to walk to the bed, and to lie down upon it; and it was not long before the little girl was sound asleep.



CHAPTER III.



WHEN Anna awoke, she found that her mother had come into the chamber, for she heard her and Harriet talking together; opening her eyes, she saw her mother and Harriet sitting by the fire. When Anna had got sufficiently roused from her sleep to be able to distinguish their words, she began to listen sharply, for the first thing she heard distinctly was, "Mother, I cannot help suspecting Joseph a little."

"Why, Harriet? Joseph has always seemed to be an honest boy. I should be very unwilling to think he would have taken the book," said her mother.

"So am I, mother," said Harriet; "but it is the only way in which the book could have gone, I think.

I am sure I cannot bear to think Joseph is not honest, he is such a good little boy in other respects. But the book is not to be found any where, unless Anna knows where it is, and she does not, or she would have told me; and I saw it on the table, in the dining-room, the day that Anna got burnt; and you know that, when Anna was carried up stairs, Joseph was left alone in the room, you said. Well, that book has not been seen since then."

"Are you sure it was there when Joseph was left in the room?"

"It must have been, of course. I saw it there not long before."

"If Joseph proves dishonest, we must part with him, Harriet, however good he is in all else. I cannot have a dishonest person in the house."

"O mother, what will he do if we turn him away,—and without a good character, too? He has no mother to take care of him, you know; and, perhaps, he hardly knows how wicked it is to steal."

"Joseph did not take my book! He did not take it, I know; I am *sure* he did not!" cried Anna, with the tears in her eyes.

"Why, Anna! Are you awake my child?" said

her mother. "You have not slept long, nave you? Shut your eyes, and go to sleep again."

"Do not say any thing to Joseph about the book I know he did not take it, and I do not care a great deal about it. I like better to hear Harriet tell about the animals than to read about them."

"Well, my dear," said her mother, "I do not believe, any more than you do, that Joseph took the book. Shut up your eyes, and try to get some more sleep. Harriet, we must not talk so loudly; we disturb the child. I think" (Anna heard her add, in a low voice, to Harriet) "that you are right in regard to my sending Joseph away, if he proves dishonest. It is true, he is an orphan, and probably has not been taught much about right and wrong; and we must keep him here, and try to teach him better by talking to him seriously, but kindly and tenderly. Yes, we ought to keep him, and try all we can to make him honest."

"I will tell you what I think is possible, mother. He might have taken it merely to read in it, or look at the pictures, and it may be in his chamber. He should not, though, have even taken it to look at, without leave; but perhaps he knew no better. I

saw him, this morning, reading a book that looked just like that, and I was half tempted to ask him to let me look at it; but I was so much afraid that it, was really that, and I knew he would feel so badly to be found out, and I should feel so awkwardly to have found him out, that, for that very reason, I could not bear to say any thing."

"He must be questioned, or we shall never know whether he has taken it or not; and his chamber must be searched, if he denies it."

"Yes," said Harriet; "I will ask him if he did not take it to look at. Then, if he denies that, I shall be almost sure he is dishonest, because I am all but sure that he has taken it."

Poor Anna! How she did wish Harriet would go out of the chamber, for, if she could only see her mother alone, she thought she would certainly confess the whole. She felt very much agitated, and the tears streamed down over her face from between her closed eyelids, for she kept her eyes closed that she might seem to be sleeping. She heard nothing more said on the subject of the book, and, in the course of half an hour, Harriet rose to leave the chamber.

"Harriet!" cried Anna, as she saw her sister

going, "do not say a word to Joseph about the book!
O! promise you will not. He does not know any
thing about it. Harriet! will you promise?"

"Why, Anna! do you know any thing about it? Have you any idea where it is?"

"Why, I — yes — I know more than Joseph does about it."

"Now, tell me truly, Anna. Joseph has not begged it away from you, has he?"

"No, no; he has not got it."

"Have you done any thing with it, Anna; or do you know where it is?" asked Harriet.

"O, Harriet! ---- "

"Do not question the poor sick child, Harriet," said her mother; "and do not say any thing yet, to Joseph, if Anna feels so unwilling you should."

"Very well," said Harriet, "I will wait a while. Perhaps, Anna, you may, by and by, remember something about the book. But how red your eyes look! What is the matter, dear?"

"O, Harriet! do go down!" cried Anna, beginning, now, to sob aloud. The poor child found it hard enough to tell such a shameful tale about herself, as she had now determined upon doing, even to

one pair of ears, and those the kindest; and she felt as if she could not get it off her tongue till Harriet was gone. It was not that she felt so unwilling to have the thing known as well by her sister as by her mother; but it required more courage to confess it in the presence of more than one listener.

Immediately upon Anna's entreaty, Harriet left the chamber. Anna tried to speak, but her voice was choked by her sobs.

"Don't be in any haste, dear," said her mother, who had risen and come to the bedside; "wait till you can stop weeping, before you try to speak; and do not be so much distressed, my child. I suspect I know, already, something of what you are going to say."

"What, mother! what is it?"

"I suspect you let that book fall into the fire. It was first missing on the day that you were burnt, and, when your fever was at its greatest height, and you scarcely knew what you were saying, you talked much about the book, and about the squirrel, too; but what the squirrel had to do with it, I do not know."

"The book is burnt up, mother!"-

- "You did, then, as I suspected, let it fall into the fire?"
 - "Worse than that, mother; I I " said Anna.
- "What did you do, dear? tell me just how it was. You know it will be better to tell me all, do you not?" said her mother, very kindly.
 - "I put the book into the fire myself."
- "Tell me the whole story, my poor child. Tell how you were tempted to do so, and all about it."
- "Why, mother, the squirrel wanted so very much to come out, and I wanted so to have him sit on my shoulder a minute or two, that I let him out. I only meant to let him be out just five minutes; but I got thinking about my doll's things, and I forgot all about the squirrel; and when I looked for him, to put him into his cage, I found him gnawing that book—and—I did not know what to do, and so I thought I would rather lose the book (it was my own book, you know) than have you know what I had done; so I—just as I heard you coming—I threw it into the fire, so that no one should know any thing about my having let the squirrel out. I did not mean to, mother—I mean—I hardly knew what I was doing, because you were just at the door."

"And you are glad, now you have told me all; are you not, Anna?"

"Yes. I could not let Joseph be blamed, all for my fault."

"And I am very glad, for you, that you have got rid of that disagreeable secret; that must, I am sure, have been troubling your poor little heart very much."

"I never did any thing so bad before, do you think I did, mother? I am sure I never shall again."

"I do not think you ever did, Anna; and I feel quite sure that the recollection of all the bad consequences which have followed your one act of disobedience will be a check to restrain you, in future, whenever you feel tempted to do wrong again. I am so glad that you have had the courage to confess your wrong doings so honestly, that half my pain on account of them is taken away. How much better it was than to keep the sin concealed in your own bosom, where, like a sharp thorn, it would have been continually pricking you. But the probability is that you would not have been able, had you tried, to keep it long secret. You did not reason very well when you judged that by getting the book out of

the way, you would the more easily escape discovery; for, when asked if you knew where the book was, you would have found it as hard to contrive an answer as if you were questioned as to how it came to have been injured."

"I am so glad I have told you about it," said Anna. "How much worse I should have felt, if you had found it out!"

"And I should have been twice as much pained too. Our motives for confessing our faults, however, should not be merely to save ourselves pain; but I will not preach to you now. When you are quite well, we can talk more on the subject. Now dry your eyes, and shut them up, and go to sleep, and dream a pretty dream all about riding along on the bright rim of the rainbow, in a little osier-basketwagon, drawn by a dozen bushy-tailed Chippernips."

Anna laughed, and then shut her red eyelids, and her mother sat down again at the fire. The next morning Anna felt well enough to be up and sitting in her easy chair quite early. The day was so warm that it seemed more like June than April, and Anna sat by an open window, facing the sunny south. Harriet had brought her in some early flowers from

the garden, and, having put them into a glass of water, had placed them upon the window-sill, and the gentle air just stirred a little their small leaves. The martens and bluebirds were skimming and twittering around the marten-house, which was on the barn, close by, and Anna did not know which to look at, them or the flowers. And it was all so pleasant, - the sunny landscape, the green grass under the window, the flowers on the window-sill, the cherry-blossoms, just opening, the twittering birds, and the cackling poultry, - and Anna felt so relieved, and happy, that she had got rid of the pricking thorn in her bosom, that it seemed to her as if she must be well enough to jump up and go running along the garden walks -though she was, in truth, so weak as to be scarcely able to walk across her chamber without help.



CHAPTER IV.



HILE Anna sat at the window, Harriet and Charles came up. Harriet did not say any thing about her promise to tell what she remembered having read

about the birds in Anna's book, (for, at Anna's request, her mother had made known to her its sad story,) as she thought the poor little girl might not like to be reminded of it; but Charlie said, "Come, Harriet, you promised to tell us more out of that book to-day."

"I will now," said Harriet, "if Anna likes."

"Yes, do, sister;" said Anna.

And Harriet thought she looked up at her as if she yould say, "Has mother told you?" but could not bring it out easily; so she kissed her, and said, "You are an honest little girl, Anna;" and then sat down

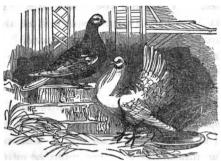
beside her. "I will tell you," said she, "about the bird that is called the most splendid in the world. What bird is that? do you know, Anna?"

"Is it the humming-bird? That has the brightest plumage, and is the prettiest, that I ever saw."

"The most splendid is not necessarily the most beautiful. The one I speak of is the bird of paradise, which, splendid and magnificent as it is, is not so beautiful to me as some other birds. I do not know but some humming-birds are more beautiful. But the most so, of all birds I ever saw, is, I think, the collared turtle-dove. That is supposed to be the kind of dove spoken of in the Word. Its very simplicity seems more beavenly than the brilliancy of the bird of paradise; and I think the dove, of all birds, deserves to be called the bird of heaven. shape of the collared or ring-neck turtle-dove is exquisitely graceful, and its color most delicate. It is usually fawn and cream-color, softly shaded into each other, and a narrow band or ring of jet black half encircles the slender neck."

"Are they as pretty as fan-tailed pigeons?" asked

"Very much more beautiful, I think," replied Har-



Fan-tail Pigeons.

"Is the bird of paradise handsomely shaped?" asked Anna.

"There are several kinds of them, and, in most of them, if not all, the feathers are so light and plumy, and set out so fantastically all around, that one can scarcely know what the shape of the bird is. Their beauty consists rather in their brilliancy, and in the lightness and delicacy of their feathers, than in their shape. I saw, once, a pair of stuffed ones, which were very magnificent; but their countenances were not beautiful. They had very queer faces. Their beaks were large, and their heads very small, and they had green eyes. One kind is called the 'golden

bird of paradise,' another the 'emerald bird of paradise,' and another the 'magnificent bird of paradise;' and there are other kinds. They are a very amusing bird to keep in a cage, so I read, they spend so much time in making their toilet; and they look very prettily doing this. I believe they wash two or three times a day. They appear to be as conscious of their finery, and as much afraid of soiling or ruf. fling it, as any gay lady dressed for a ball would be. It is said that this bird is seldom induced to go down to the bottom of the cage, lest he should soil his plumage; but, perhaps, that is partly because they like to be up very high. They so seldom come near the earth, that it used to be supposed that they never alighted at all, but were always flying in the sky. and even that they had no feet. It was even said, by some, that they hatched their eggs while flying: that the eggs were placed on the back of one of the birds, and that its mate sat there upon them till they were hatched: but this is a foolish fable."

"What colors are they usually?" asked Anna.

"Those that I saw were green and brown, mixed with white and a delicate straw-color. Some, I think, are mostly of a brilliant green, or green and brown."



Golden Bird of Paradise

- "What do they eat?" asked Anna.
- "Seed of various kinds; berries, and other fruits."
- "What else did you read about?" asked Charles.
 "I like hirds. I want to hear all about them."

"I read a little about the homes of some of the birds. I will tell you about them, and then you shall say which you would like best to live in, if you were a little bird. How should you like to be a young bobolink, in a snug litle nest, placed down in the grassy meadow? The bobolink begins to build his nest before the grass has grown very high; so that, by the time the young ones are hatched, the grass is perhaps two feet high, and the long, straight stalks of the grass stand like tall green pillars around their little bed."

"To the little baby-bobolinks," said Anna, "the tall, waving grass-stalks, as they look through them far along, must seem like a forest of rocking palmtrees. How pleasant it must be there, down under the high grass! I would rather be a bobolink than any thing."

"I would not," said Harriet; "because it sometimes happens that, before the young ones are half

ready to fly, along comes a great sword, large enough to cut the world in two, and, with one sweep, lays low the forest of palms, and, perhaps, overturns or cuts up the snug bed, and the unfledged and helpless babies are left without shelter, and probably to die. The little Baltimore orioles have one of the pleasantest as well as most secure of homes. Their nest is like a kind of bag or deep pouch, and is hung far out on the end of a slender branch of some high tree, such as an elm or a sycamore; and there it swings in the breeze, while the bright father oriole sits on the branch and sings his funny little song. There nothing, I believe, can come to harm them, unless it might be an owl or snake; and the old birds will sometimes fight very bravely with a snake. The oriole is a very brave and very knowing bird, and very smart and fiery. A tame one will become very strongly attached to his keeper, and is quite jealous if he sees another pet taken much notice of."

"O.! I would rather be a little young oriole than any thing!" cried Charles.

"So would I!" said Anna.

"Some of those birds that build their nests in the marshes have pleasant homes," said Harriet. "The



reed-bunting or reed-warbler fastens his nest upon the stalks of three or four tall reeds that are growing right up in the water, and so the little nest, being held up between these stalks, and fastened firmly to them, is carried up and down as they bend to the wind; sometimes it is bent down to the very surface of the pool; then, as the breeze falls, up it goes again, swinging slightly to and fro; then comes the breeze, drawing a fresh breath, and down again bow the reeds, with their pretty burden, the nest-full of eggs or little birds, hovered over by the little mother,—down they bend as if they were about to dip it into the water; but no, it is too light to sink, even if it should touch the water."

"O!" cried Anna and Charlie, "I do not know but I would rather be a young reed-bird than to be either of the other kind."

"And it is so pleasant in the marshes," said Harriet, "where so many beautiful flowers and flowering shrubs grow, and the pretty blue dragon-flies swarm around the water's edge in the summer sun. And the reeds are so graceful. How pleasant to be in among the waving reeds, and listen to their soft sighing, which sounds so much like whispers of some-



thing mysterious and beautiful! Several birds build in the marshes; but they do not all of them fasten their nests to the reed-stalks. Some build in the shrubs, and some, I believe, in the sedge-grass."

"What a queer home the young chimney-swallows have!" said Anna. "Only think of the little things, hatched down in a chimney, with nothing but black soot to look at all around them."

"The swallows know it is a good, safe, and sheltered place to build in; and that is their main consideration. It sometimes happens, however, that a fire is made underneath, and their young brood is smoked to death."

"But then," said Anna, "how very pleasant it must be, to the young swallows, the first time they fly up out of their high scuttle window! There they stand on the chimney-top, I suppose, fluttering their little wings, and looking all about. I should think they would want to cry out, 'Why, how handsome and how large the world is!'"

"The swallows are pretty little things for the chimney to throw up from its long black throat. Out the swallows fly; and cannot we say the old black chimney sings?" said Harriet.

"Why, the swallows do not sing, do they?" said Anna.

"They have pretty sounds; something like singing; they say, ''tle, 'tle, 'tletolit.'"

"The little tailor birds, that are sewed up between two leaves, have a funny cradle," said Anna. "I have seen a pretty picture of them, peeping out from between the two leaves in which their nest was sewed."

"Yes," said Harriet; "and the bluebirds, when they have their nest in an olive jar, fixed in the crotch of a tree, have a snug little cottage enough—a

nice little round room, where they can sit loc ng out upon the landscape through their pretty round doorway. The jar, you know, is laid down upon its side, so that its opening makes a round door-way for the bluebirds to go in and out by. Which should you like best, Anna, the bluebird's little snug cottage, or the eagle's grand place up in the top of a great pine tree, where the winds and waves roar around?"

"I hardly know which I should like best," said Anna: "it would be grand to be rocking in the top of a high pine tree. • But, I thought eagles built on high rocks."

"Most kinds of eagles do. They build on high cliffs, usually, that overhang the shore of the sea or some large lake; but the white-headed eagle builds on trees, which, I think, is much better taste than choosing a bare rock. Now, I believe I have told all I can remember of the book, and I do not think either of you care to hear any more now; because you want to watch the martens and swallows around the marten-house."

"I feel so well to day," said Anna, "that I cannot

help thinking I shall run out of doors in a few days, though mother and the doctor both say I shall not be well enough to go down stairs under a fortnight."



CHAPTER V.

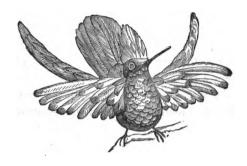
ARRIET promised to do all she could to entertain little Anna while she was obliged to keep her chamber, and then said she was going

down stairs; and she asked if she should not, the next time she came up, bring the wicked little Chippernip, "for," said she, "he ought to help all he can to pass away your tedious time, as it was by means of his naughty little teeth that you are here."

"Yes," said Anna, "I should like to see Chippie, but I am the naughty one, not he."

"You were, but are not now, nor will ever be, I hope, a naughty one," said Harriet; and she went down.

It was nearly a fortnight before Anna was able to go down stairs; but she passed many pleasant hours in her chamber, sitting by the pleasant south window that looked out upon the garden; and Harriet, as she had promised, did all she could to amuse her, by playing games with her and reading aloud, and several times Joseph brought her a beautiful bunch of wild flowers. It was almost summer before she was quite well, and, though she could go about the house and into the garden a little, she used to sit in the house most of the time. One morning, as she sat by the pleasant south window of her chamber, trimming her doll's bonnet with blue ribbon, for she had now made the (to her) important decision with regard to the three colors, Harriet brought in from the garden a slip of nasturtium vine, with several buds and full-blown flowers upon it. This, Harriet said, would grow awhile in a glass of water, and the buds would bloom out; so she put it into a glass, and, setting it on the window-sill up against the side of the window, and running a pin through the stem near the upper end, fastened it to the wood-work. It was a splendid red nasturtium, and the sunbeams, piercing through the bright petals, lighted them up like burning coals. While Anna sat making her ribbons into bows, and humming a little song to herself, she heard all at once in the window, and close by her ear, another humming; she looked up, and there she saw something brighter and more beautiful than the nastur-



tium flower itself; that winged gem, the hummingbird, taking his sweet breakfast from one of those brilliant cups which were there set out for him. For some moments he quivered in the air, with his long bill in the beautiful honey-jar, and Anna had a good opportunity to look at him. His body was mostly of a lustrous green and red; but his wings fluttered so very fast, that she could not distinctly see them. She made a sign to her sister to look. Harriet saw him, and said she did not know, when she put the flower there, that she was setting a breakfast-table for such a pretty little fairy, though she knew the humming-birds are always attracted by a bright red color.

Anna soon began to gain strength very fast, and was, ere long, well enough to run out in the garden; and, on the pleasant summer days, Harriet, who, in her kind-heartedness and sisterly love, had bought another copy of the little burnt book for Anna, used often to sit with her and Charles on a green bank in the garden, and read aloud about the beasts and birds.



TO A CITY PIGEON.

Stoor to my window, thou beautiful dove!
Thy daily visits have touched my love!
I watch thy coming, and list the note
That stirs so low in thy mellow throat;
And my joy is high,
To catch the glance of thy gentle eye.

To catch the giance of thy gentle eye.

Why dost thou sit on the heated eaves,
And forsake the wood with its freshened leaves?
Why dost thou haunt the sultry street,
When the paths of the forest are cool and sweet?
How canst thou hear

This noise of people — this breezeless air?

Thou alone, of the feathered race,

Dost look unscared on the human face;

Thou alone, with a wing to flee,

Dost love with man in his haunts to be,

And the "gentle dove"

Has become a name for trust and love.

A holy gift is thine, sweet bird!

Thou'rt named with childhood's earliest word;

Thou'rt linked with all that is fresh and wild

In the prisoned thoughts of the city child;

And thy even wings

Are its brightest image of moving things.



It is no light chance. Thou art set apart Wisely, by Him who tamed thy heart, To stir the love for the bright and fair, That else were sealed in the crowded air.

I sometimes dream Angelic rays from thy pinions stream.

Come, then, ever, when daylight leaves
The page I read, to my humble eaves;
And wash thy breast in the hollow spout,
And murmur thy low, sweet music out.
I hear and see
Lessons of heaven, sweet bird, in thee!



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